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## Archarios, 2006 Spring

Office of Student Life

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# ARCHARIOS

LITERARY ART  
MAGAZINE



2 0 0 6



## *What is an artist?*

### **art·ist**

Pronunciation: 'är-tist

Function: noun

1: one who professes and practices an imaginative art, or 2: a skilled performer

An artist can be skilled at almost anything and be considered an artist, so how do we know what art is? Art comes in so many different forms and to many people it is more than what most traditionally think of. *Archarios* is trying to open the doors to all artists and provide an outlet for their talent. The magazine consists of poems, short stories, paintings, collages, photographs, graphic design, sculptures, drawings and now for the first time ever, MUSIC. Music has always been important, but as our society changes and our technology advances, music has become a part of everyday life in many ways.

Without the technology that we have so many things would be different. Without computers, how would we do graphic design or produce a magazine? And for some of you, your lives would be quite different without your iPod or cell phone to listen to music on. Technology and art go hand in hand in many ways; as you look through the pages of this magazine be reminded of all the great things that technology has allowed us to do. Art alone is extraordinary, but the technology we have to aid us in displaying it and in times creating it, makes it all the more beautiful.

So sit back, relax and listen to the compilation CD as you read and look at all the amazing talent that is among Coastal Carolina University.

- Ashley



ARCHARIOS | LIT ART



[ENTER]

# ART

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LIT

# Almost Forgotten

A room of warm, heavy air;  
the fan, a soft whir.  
From his computer, brief flickers of reds and blues—  
a blur of colors for restless eyes.

Breathing, steady as her heart beat,  
grows fainter.  
Each time, he's farther away,  
the sheets a wrinkled wall between them.

Distant thunder mumbles, a voice  
unveiling her foolishness.  
Yellow street lights dim,  
giving way to pale dawn.

Supple skin beneath her fingers  
turns to rough, cold stone.  
She rises, clothing crooked and crumpled,  
and walks home, almost forgotten.

by: **Sara Elisabeth Potts**



# Perched

Hank Plyler



P H O T O G R A P H Y

10" x 8"



# Shattered

Jolene Castro



G R A P H I C S

8.5"x11"

# Litany

Black I am,  
Black as the ebon night,  
Black as the hearts  
Of the men who seek to conquer me.  
My hair is the black  
Of the deepest shadow,  
My eyes are the black  
Of a forgotten dream.  
When the surface of the earth  
Smoked and cooled,  
I was.  
When the sun  
Is an inert cinder,  
I shall remain.  
My breath is  
The interstellar wind,  
My voice  
The crackle of cosmic rays;  
My thoughts fill  
The spaces between the stars.  
Eternity is too small  
To contain me.

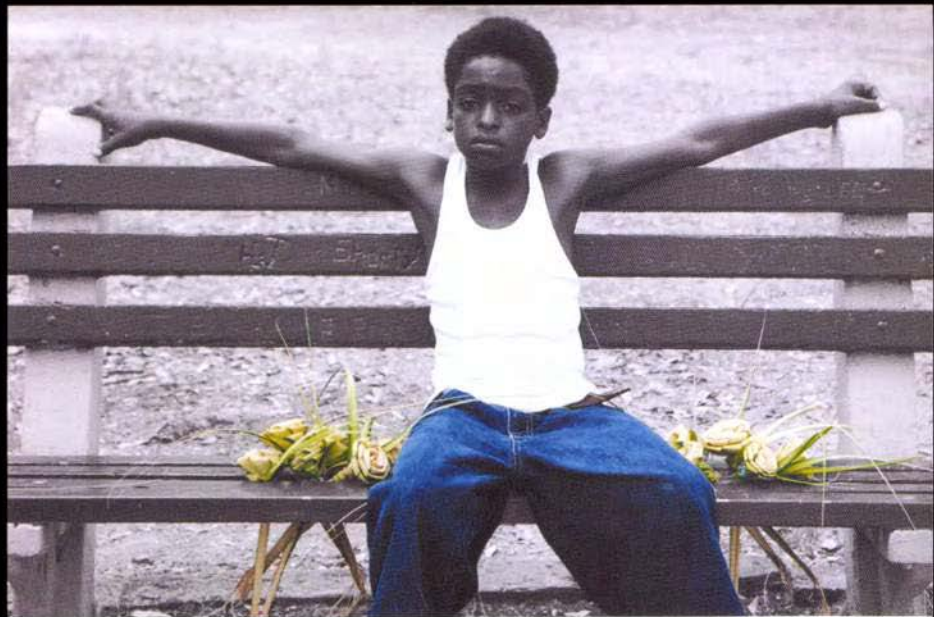
by: **Jonathan Bernick**



8

Tae Tae

Hank Plyler



P H O T O G R A P H Y

12" x 8"

# Auschwitz

Scott Dean



P H O T O G R A P H Y

8"x10"



# Survival of the RESTaurant

Voices repeat "You keep the Change!"  
as I pocket enough to maintain  
monotony fueling my imaginations disdain  
Cannot accept this flat-line beat  
Delivered by this easy-greasy fix of hamburger meat

Like everything-this slight tipper will pass  
Our remains won't remain so why remain  
viewing views of war victims being slain  
Comfortable reclining-kicking up your socks  
Leaning inevitable closer to your horizontal box

90° they sit now-180° towards the future  
cohabitating in the booth-praying with Cain  
repeating the prayer again and again  
only accepting the food I deliver  
My response- why shiver, when I can quiver?

White-collared-Father perched cross the counter  
gazing at the dusty menu-as if new to it  
smiling in admiration of his own wit  
passing me society's form of change  
oblivious to the new boots within sidewalk's range

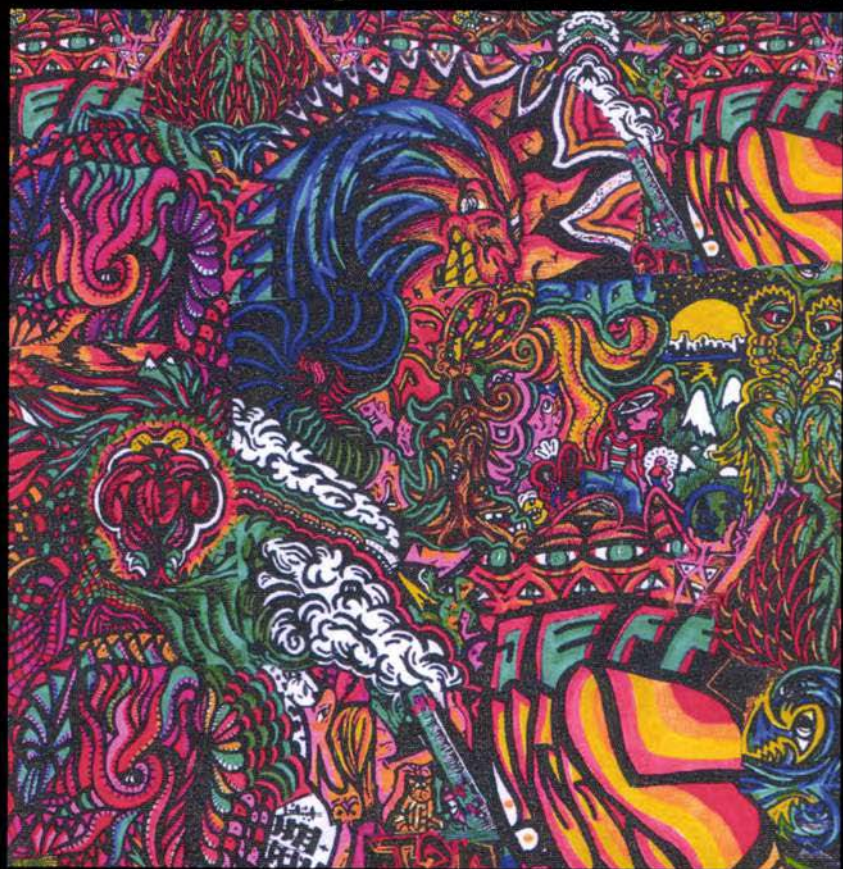
I glance at the searchers' dreads and bloated-bellies  
failed Babylonian escapes delivering their self-pity  
with Darwinistic demographics inhabiting this very city  
Coats adapting to Global Warming's rain  
shielding nature's energy-this useless roof remains

Then the bill exchanges between you and I  
But I and I have let the laminated menu slip by.

by: **Clint Nagel**

# Deconstructing the Past

Jeff Biggs



I L L U S T R A T I O N

7.5"x7.5"



# Gone

I arrive at your car. The walk consisted of a series of nervous fidgets and sideways glances that keep me from looking at you. I get in and make sure that I shut the door in a lady-like manner, thinking that you care. I reach for the seatbelt...my fingers never grasp it and I know it is not there because wearing seatbelts is not cool so why have them. Yet I keep reaching, trying to find something that will save me from you. You start the car and my ears no longer work, I look at you and your lips are moving but no sound comes out. You are drowned out by the beats and turntables of the little box under your dash, so I smile and laugh and pretend I heard everything you said. You smile back and grab the gear shift and we are gone.

I stare past the tiny wet bubbles that ambush the window and distort everything on the outside world. These new glasses that I am looking through make the road lights look like stars and I cannot

tell a difference between the two. I look over at you and cross my legs. I move them slightly closer to the center console hoping you will notice and lay your hand on my knee. Of course you don't so I take it personal and again look out the window into this unknown world. You turn the music down and say something about stopping to get cigarettes and I say "yeah cool". But it isn't. I hate cigarettes and the way they make you smell. Especially when you kiss someone...yeah...like I am going to get a kiss from you.

It takes you a second to turn the volume dial back up to 11 and another second to pull into the BP. You leave the car on as you run into the gas station to get your cigarettes. I watch as you tell the clerk what you want and you laugh together and then look out at me and wink. I see your mouth form the words "Thanks man" and you turn and walk out the door. I take a deep breath and brace myself for when you enter the car. I put my best Southern belle smile on so you will think I am having a great time with you so far.

When we are back on the road you pack your cigs then ask



me to open them and light you one up. So I do...the taste of the cigarette bitter in my mouth. I then have the urge to kiss you, to make you taste me. I refrain and hold back a cough and hand the cigarette back to you. My eyes are watering from the smoke; you look at me and ask if I am all right. The Southern belle smile returns, I nod yes and say something witty about how my contacts are bothering me. You know I don't wear contacts.

So we are driving to a little bar and the whole time I am worried that I won't be able to get in seeing as how I am 20 and underage. But you always know someone that will get me in and they don't care if I drink. We park and go in and of course you know someone and that someone gives us a pitcher of beer and we set up at a vacant pool table. We play a few rounds...flirting with each other over beer fumes and cigarette smoke. I bend over to make a shot and your stick magically hits my backside so I turn around with the same

flashy smile and bat my eyes and hope that you see I am tipsy. So I make my shot and miss and I say something cute about not being able to handle balls. I play with my cup of beer while you are making your shot and take a long sloppy drink and act like it is water. Guys always say that beer starts to taste like water after a few drinks...I still do not believe them. You make a few shots and get all of the balls in. There is nothing left on the table except the white. It looks so pure and innocent with little hints of blue just like me.

You get tired of playing what you consider to be a pointless game and make your way over to the dart board. Bullseye. You do not ask me to follow so I stand there looking around for an escape feeling awkward in my own skin. I catch your eye and you give me a nod as to say, "Get over here". So I waddle over acting as if I'm fine. But you see the glassiness of my eyes and you know if you work hard...you will get what you want.

by: Jessica Edwards



# After the Concert

the fluorescent lights hummed  
as  
the disgruntled waitress brought  
a pot  
of bitter coffee  
to match her attitude

and

he just stares ahead blankly into the distance

and

the crack addict behind me burps quietly to himself.

i just sit back and collect my thoughts,

and

after three sips of coffee,  
I say to the empty shell in front of me

"Great concert, huh?"

by: **Victoria Richardson**



20"x9"x9"

Yaw Odame  
**Untitled**

S C U L P T U R E



# Longing

Shelly Klemmer



C H A R C O A L

24"x18"

# Timeless Constellation

Those mystifying spots bloom and dance  
across your china doll skin,  
almost quicker than

the stars appear in the light pink sky,  
like a secret.

Like lying on the grass  
cloud watching,

I stare at your spots,  
squinting my big blue eyes, until

they turn into  
bunnies and teapots.

Your spots mix with  
your tears,

and they look like  
great dark brown lakes  
small enough for ants.

I watch as new spots decorate your skin,  
and shimmer like  
the brightest stars.

They're beautiful and bright.  
Sweet buttercup yellow, and  
charming.

They *were* beautiful and bright.

by: **Nicole Stephens**



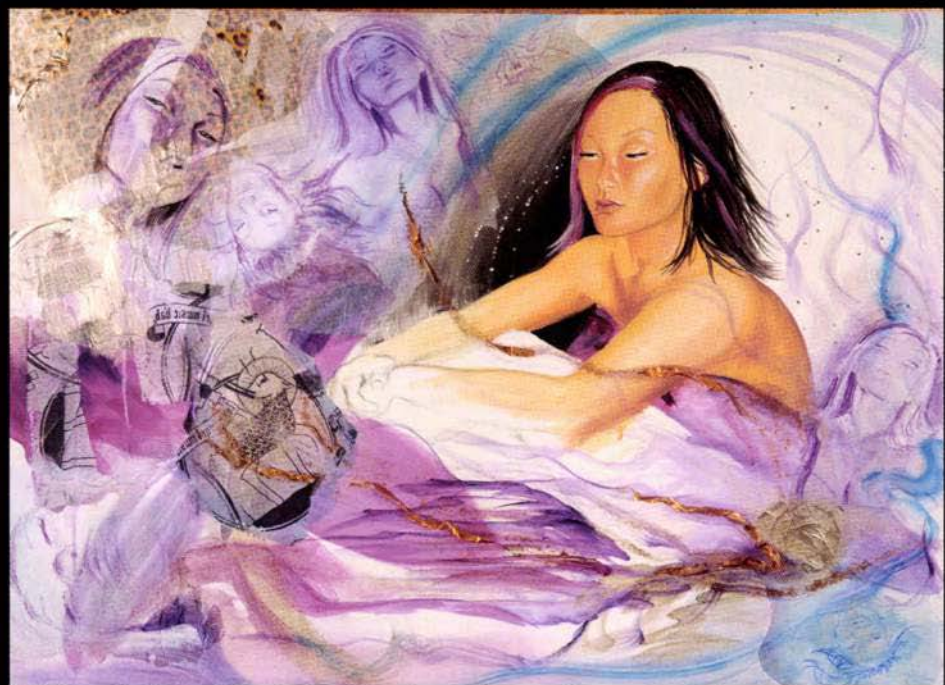
## the ROSE below

The reciprocal of stereotypical-  
Time to be an original.  
Step off the line--  
My fate defined:  
To deviate, no longer affiliate  
With the expected--  
Subjected to the common  
Rejected by those robbin'...  
Me of an insight,  
A right. . . to express  
It no longer can be suppressed.  
There's a stirrin'  
That's been burrowin' deep inside  
One that's often cried,  
Often pleaded  
Break the seal-- be revealed  
From what hides it  
That is, what despises it:  
    The norm  
    The average  
    The everyday life.

by: **Beth Reichert**

# Mirror

Heather Remley



M I X E D M E D I A

48'X 36'



# Untitled

Stephanie Hutto



P H O T O G R A P H Y

4" x 6"

# Your Eyes

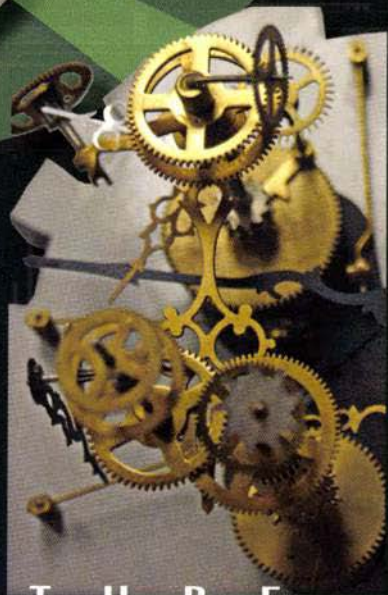
Dylan said "a vacuum"  
More like the creamy orbits above.  
Little flecks that sparkle  
Into the night.  
Black hole penetrating,  
Adjusting to the chemistry,  
Into the brown-Oh a sweet thing!  
Or a death look.  
Caught in headlights--  
I am blinded.  
After the action comes a reaction.  
Spell broken, Memory lost.

by: **Olivia Marlowe**



Jonathan Carter  
**Cloxville**

10" x 10" x 7"



S C U L P T U R E

Untitled

Brandon Wright



P A I N T I N G

12" x 9"



# One Last Fight

The horizon's on fire, bombs explode in the distance,  
Crouched down in a hole, waiting for the resistance.

The shots are closer, it's almost time now,  
Nothing to look back on, just to wonder how.

How could people kill their brothers

Kill their friends, kill their family

How can peacemakers let this happen?

Young boys killed for no reason,

Struck down in the prime of life

Leaving behind kids, families, and a wife.

In the blink of an eye, the enemy's there,

Sweeping our position,

No hope, just despair.

We do what we have trained for, but to no avail

Like children, the wounded men wail

For the mothers who aren't there.

Left to die alone, lying in the dust,

Their hopes shattered, broken is their trust.

Do not fear, young soldier; this is your last battle.

But remember, when you reach Heaven

To Saint Peter please tell,

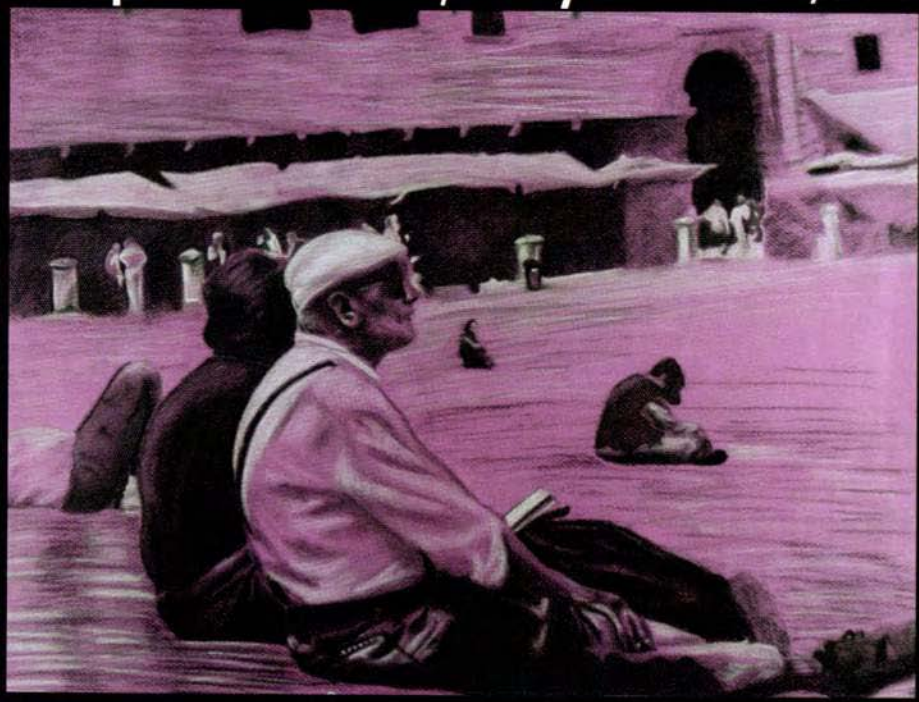
"One more soldier reporting Sir,

I have served my time in Hell!"

by: **Eric Aycock**

# People in Sienna, Italy

Brittany Boone



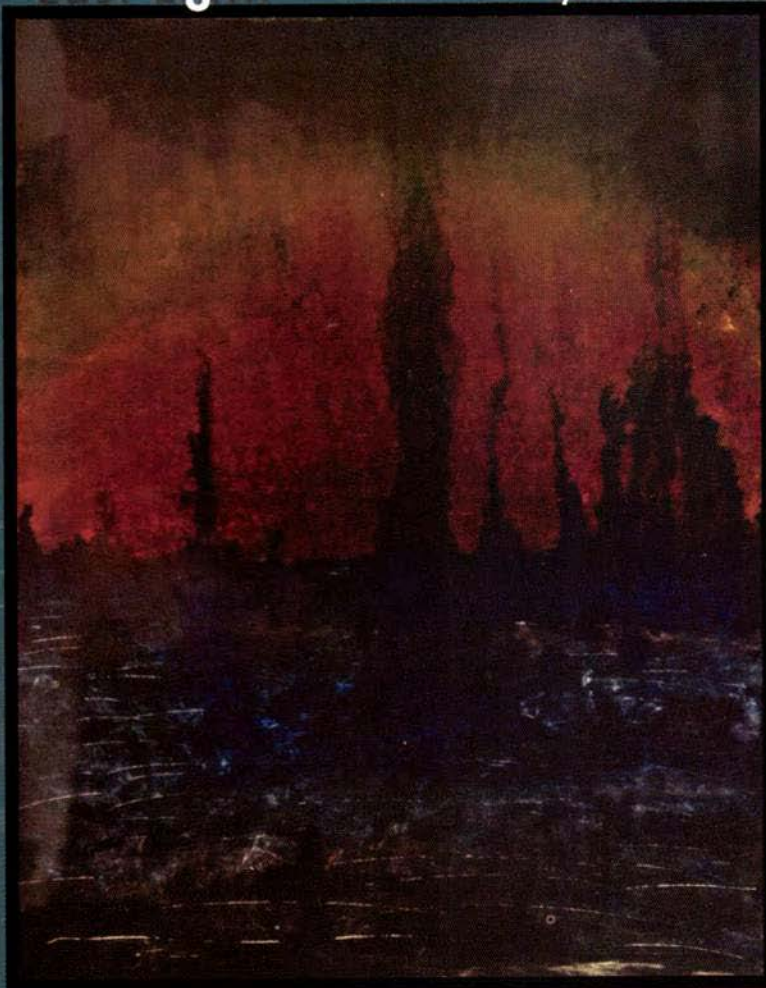
C H A R C O A L

24" x 18"



# Last Light

Ryan Buurman



M O N O T Y P E   P R I N T

8" x 10"



# The Wife

As I watched the undertakers lower my deceased husband into the cold dark ground, I allowed tears to fall from my blue eyes, but on the inside I was laughing hysterically.

"I win." I whispered, so low that only his soul could hear.

The entire twenty-two years we had been married I was the sweet and loving housewife. I cared for him, cleaned his house, cooked his food, and washed his clothes. I did everything like a fool, and like a fool I thought he was faithful and abiding. For twenty-two years my husband had played his game. But, in the end, I won it. He thought he had me but I had him. I found out his little secret nest of deception, the lies and other women. While cleaning his office, I discovered killing deeds in an open desk drawer. There were provocative photos of other women, telephone numbers, addresses and even papers containing correspondence with very powerful divorce attorneys. All this time I had been so stupid. But I made up for twenty-two years of ignorance. I got to him before he got to me. Cyanide in his morning coffee. He's dead now, and I am widowed with all of his money.

"Alice?"

I heard someone call my name. I turned my head, still pretending to cry and be sad that I was now all alone.

"Yes?" I answered sniffing.

"I'm Paul, a friend of your husband."

"Hello."

"I know this is a bad time, but your husband was keeping some pictures and papers for me. May I get them back?"

by: **Nadiyah Brown**



# This, Too, Shall Pass

Be merry, ye young lad and lass;  
Take joy in your lives while ye may.  
Soon, so soon, shall light fade to gray;  
Remember that this, too, shall pass.

When woe turns life's gold into brass,  
And fate seems both cruel and fey,  
Cease to despair; hope shines a ray:  
Remember that this, too, shall pass.

Time conquers all; fleeting, it turns  
Peasant to king, kingdom to dust.  
Naught stays the same, save only change;  
All men from mirth to madness range.  
Tears become bliss, ecstasy must  
Yield to sorrow where life still burns.

by: **Jonathan Bernick**

Robert Brownlow  
**Love's Grand Design**



24" x 18" x 55"

S C U L P T U R E



Jen

Holly Minge



M I X E D M E D I A

24" x 18"



# God. Peace. Bless Us. Amen. I love You. It's Over.

Courtney. This is the name of the turmoil inside of me which I cannot name. A four-day soap opera has brought us to be. It all started at a ska show with a shirtless, little boy having too good of a time. I am guessing that I like her, but the past has burned my reaching fingers too many times to believe myself, my untrusting mind. So I leave it to my passions and impulses, and they have brought me unto this point. She has cheated on most of her boyfriends. And yet I take the risk, assume the challenge. A real tragic hero, I am. I just want something special. But something is wrong with my body. I can feel my cells, my electrons. I don't know if I should worry. I feel alive, too alive. Only God and Courtney now. Save me. It's such odd sensations. I can no longer fool myself. I say I worry, but I know I am lying to myself. I don't care. Fuck it. This seems to have become my philosophy. So now, I treat inanimate things as I love them. I love you. I love my music. It talks to me just as you do. You are my sole possession. You are a part of my soul. And, with this book, I feel more intimate than with another person. Is this wrong? Come and visit me in the back of the old cemetery, behind the blue oak tree where my headstone is broken and I lay next to the reverend, sipping my tea. I was warned of hot blood in a cold body as my spirit is burning but my senses are dulled. I fear I have scarred myself for the rest of my stay above ground. I am waiting to live when I should be dead already. Will I always be waiting? To fear death is to worry the inevitable. No one fears death, they fear not living enough. And by and by the bright red sky, I see her beautiful eyes.....

Sincerely,  
I was right.

by: **Jeremy Anderson**



# Generation *Real World*

Pink polo's with popped collars

Pretending

They're not paralleled,

Believing they are unique.

White guys wanting to be black,

Black guys wanting to be white,

Drifting distances from

"Genuine."

Abercrombie, and camouflage, cowboy hats,

John Deere hats, and

New York Yankees hats

Have all become fashion statements,

As trite as blue jeans.

To all you real cowboys,

All you real John Deere lovers,

All you real Yankees fans,

Your kind has been diluted.

You were once creative,

Independent-minded individuals.

You have become walking and

Talking advertisements,

Mirroring members of

MTV's *The Real World*.

Which *Real World* cast member are you?

Your colors have faded.

You no longer beam in your own bright hues.

Pineapple-yellow.

Tangerine-orange.

Cherry-red.

No.

You are all gray.

Akin to the gray static that meshes on

A dysfunctional television screen,

You are all gray.

Poster children for a social demographic.

by: **Mola Lenghi**

Untitled

Brandon Wright



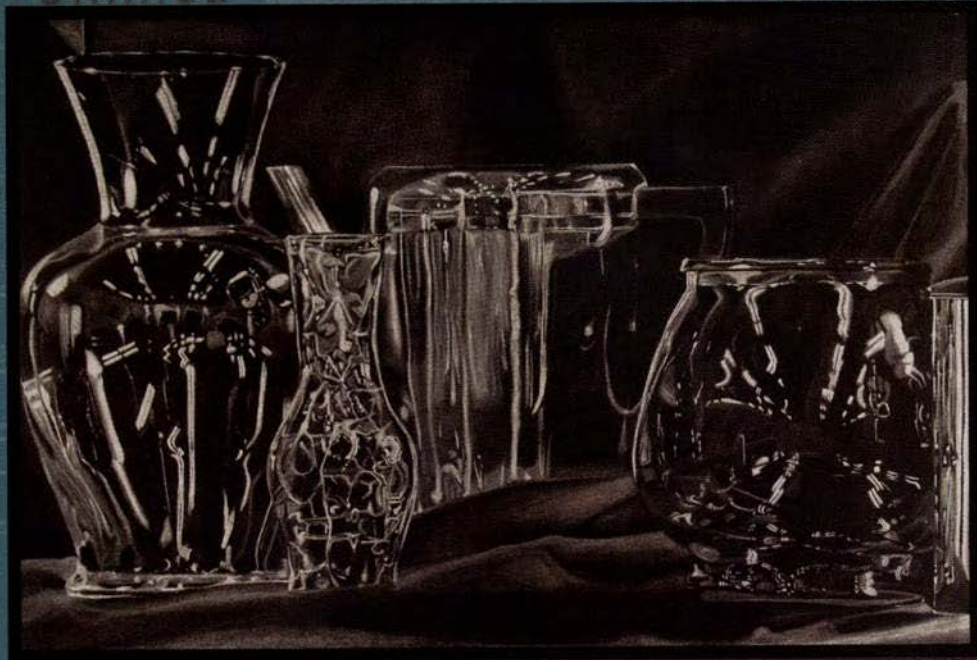
M I X E D M E D I A

14"x 10.5"



## Untitled

Jessica King



C H A R C O A L

24" x 18"

# Thinking

I'm thinking of visits  
From long lost people.

I'm thinking of running through the house,  
Catching bits of the grown folk talk  
As we're shoed outside to play.

I'm thinking of the pain that is shared  
When one is lost and gone.

I'm thinking of cookouts  
And playing catch up  
With people, now strangers,  
Because of distances between.

I'm thinking of the whoopings with that drop cord  
Because you know you had no business  
Doing whatever it was you were doing.

I'm thinking of animated and vivacious games of Spades,  
And the never-ending flow of Hennessy.

I'm thinking of...

FAMILY

by: **Nadiyah Brown**



## For Laura

Time is frozen in the misty evening  
as I walk beneath the pillars of stone.  
Sad and silent, they whisper softly  
No words, but echo the past alone.

So lonely to think of you lying there,  
Young and beautiful, pale as the moon  
but Time is selfish, and always wanting  
to steal the best away too soon.

So in the darkness I will sit  
and mingle teardrops with your earth  
and let the lonely statues tell me  
of life and love, death and mirth.

I cannot imagine a world without you  
I cannot bear this emptiness of being alone.  
Your spirit is far from those you loved now  
and all we have is your name in stone.

I want you to know I will never forget you  
For time tries to steal our memories away  
and even then I neglected to remember  
and did not share all I wanted to say.

So in this place of pain and death  
I will long for the company I crave  
and all the time the teardrops will fall  
Like a permanent rain upon your grave.

by: **Sandra Broughton**

# Array of Emotions

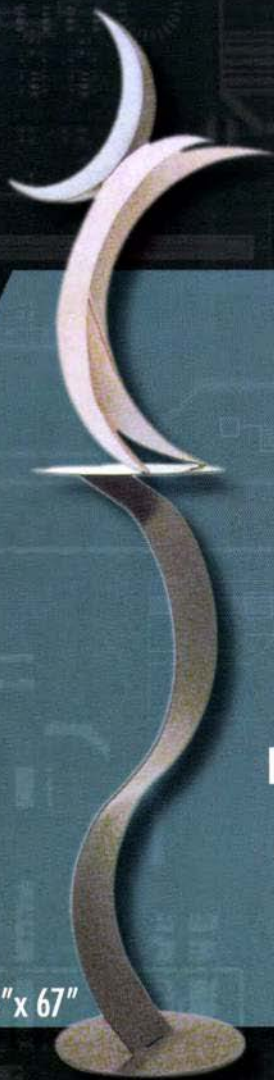
Brandiann Gaston



C H A R C O A L

18"x 24"





14"x 14"x 67"

Robert Brownlow  
**Celestial**

S C U L P T U R E

# The View at 12:46 a.m. (EST)

His  
Glazed over content eyes  
Swarm soothingly over  
Her  
Dress that sways just  
Enough clinging to tan thighs

He  
Is a rock star  
He  
Is just so intense  
He  
Doesn't need a back-up plan  
He  
Is 26 and sitting alone, while  
She  
Is 20 and merely wondering as  
She  
Shoots a million questions into the air, as  
She  
Sips suggestively through her straw, what  
She  
Will playfully say next and what  
His  
Tongue tastes like and how  
His  
Hands sliding down her back slowly as  
His  
Breath quickens will feel in an hour or so, and she is aware that  
Her  
Façade is hung with clothespins that she keeps in  
Her  
Purse for nights such as this, knowing that he will allow  
Her  
To encircle herself and leave it there to dry out as  
She  
Gladly sits still for  
He  
Gladly sits still for  
  
His—  
Her—  
Night—  
They...

Isn't it morning yet?

by: Krystin Mementowski



# Simply Undone

Tell me I'm okay,  
Simple words to say,  
Tell me nothing's wrong,  
Nothing's gone off track  
The pathway is straight,  
And not unclear,  
All I need is to follow,  
It's good to follow,  
Making no fear,  
Making no sorrow,  
Tell me I'm okay,  
Easier to say,  
When you're undone

by: **Brittany Martinez**

Complete

Heather Remley



P A I N T I N G

19" x 27"



I don't normally **enjoy the feeling of** closing a book and feeling ignorant. I'm not fond of that type of knot in my stomach that says *you are exactly who this book was written not only to, but also against, because you need to hear it*. Much preferred is the *you are exactly who will get this book, you are exactly who will understand and see and hear and feel and know and* – this is where reading memoir can get egocentric and somewhat masturbatory. I mean, the memoir is inherently **voyeuristic** for the reader and exhibitionistic for the writer to at least some degree. They expose. We watch. If it's good, maybe we smoke a cigarette after it's over. When I'm **reading** a memoir, I'm in **the position where I can judge**. I can give the thumbs up or thumbs down, **the emperor over the gladiator**. Or, I can be there with them, and the author doesn't have to hurt by themselves anymore because I am right there, I am **bleeding** with them, **and I know** what **it's** like and I am broken and hurt and **fucked up** too, and if I meet them, I will hug them and say *I know* and they will smile and the connection I felt in the book will be there in flesh and blood (because how can it not? I mean I *really* felt that) and it will be so *goddamn beautiful. howfuckingromantic*.



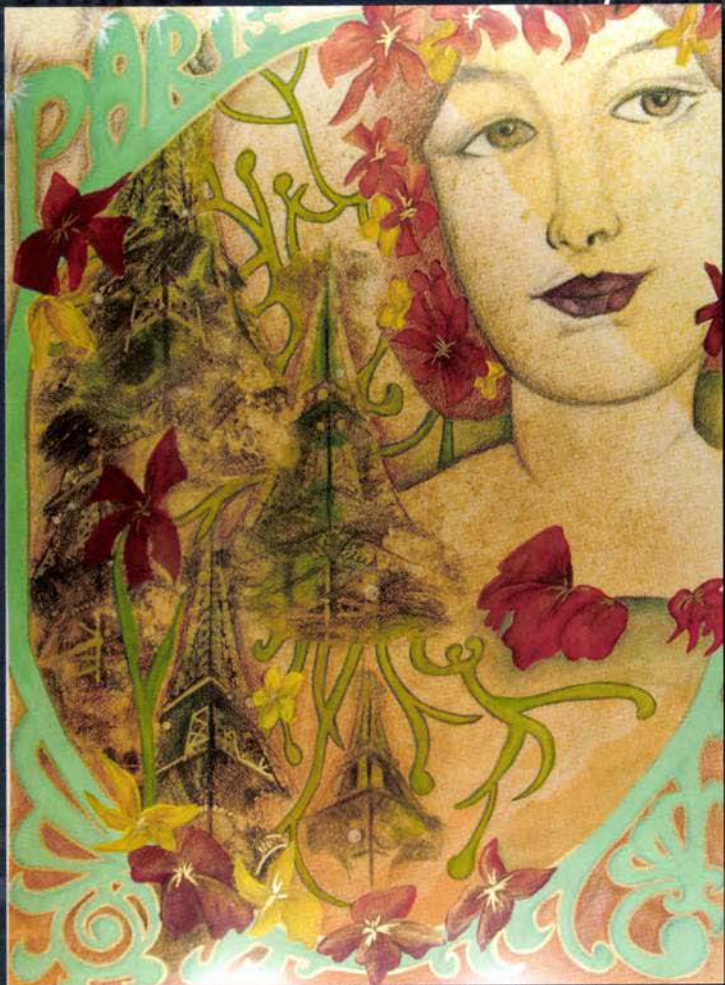
Sometimes I will try my hardest to feel this way because I really can relate, **but** other times I'll just push the book away and say "not me, sorry." I mean, I'm an empathetic person, but sorry Mr. Monette, I just don't know that I can do it this time. I'm a little burned out, and I'm just not connecting with the anger, and this is good, but it's a lot like the other things I've seen, and it's not you, it's me. And then Mr. Monette does what I've always wished I could do. He stands up, reaches across the table, and says "This is me, but that's not all. That's not it, so just slow the hell down. This is what you need to hear, because it's not **just** me. This is you." And I see it. I've closed my eyes and said there was nothing there to see, plugged my ears and said I couldn't hear. It wasn't because I didn't want to read a story about coming out. It's because I didn't want to read it as more than that. Not because of the anger or the homosexuality, but because I wanted something that was easier to attach to. I wanted the author to hand it to me, smile, and then we'd hold each other, **licking** each other's **wounds**. I didn't want to push it away and have the author call me on it. But I needed that.

by: Austin Floyd



## Untitled

Emily Bostic



O I L P A S T E L

18" x 24"

# High Museum of Art

Arms folded  
—Expertly—  
Across chests  
Attached to necks  
Connected to heads, cocked  
Slightly, studying  
—Expertly—  
“Tea and Kettle”—1804  
Guarded behind glass  
Glossy floorboards moan  
Words inside mouths, forming  
Facts that permeate the walls  
—Expertly—  
That have just been read from  
Conveniently placed descriptions  
Slits of eyes staring, probing, glimpsing  
A bare breast  
A golden tree barren of leaves  
An unintelligible figure  
Men dragged along, held captive  
By females trying too hard to have a  
“moment” sort of day  
Eyes wander, decide they  
Prefer a flesh and blood girl of 18  
(In a lacy orange tank top)  
To the morose woman’s frame  
Staring back from the wall  
  
\$10.00  
Spend your cash  
Spend some time  
Spend the afternoon  
  
And you can learn to see.

by: **Krystin Mementowski**



# Best of '06 Show

## A R T

**1st** Untitled - Yaw Odame p.15

**2nd** Mirror - Heather Remley p.19

**3rd** Longing - Shelly Klemmer p.16

## L I T

**1st** Gone - Jessica Edwards p.12

**2nd** The View at 12:46 a.m. (EST) - Krystin Mementowski p.39

**3rd** The ROSE Below - Beth Reichert p.18

## - T h a n k Y o u -

Without the help of others this magazine would not be what it is today. Andrew and I would like to thank all of the people who submitted their artwork, literature and music. Thank you for sharing your talents with us; without you *Archarios* would not exist. Also, to the staff: all of your help and dedication made the production of this magazine possible.

Thank you to the Office of Student Activities and Leadership and to our advisors for guiding us along the way and always lending a helping hand. We have learned so much from each of you and will miss you next year.

A special thanks goes to *The Chanticleer* and especially *Tempo* for working with us to help produce the first CD and kick off a new tradition within the publications.

We also want to give a special thank you to Bill Edmonds for taking all the pictures for the magazine and continuing to make the magazine a success.

To Sam Kinon, Trish Sports, Cindy Ziegler and all the other amazing people at Sheriar Press, you are such a pleasure to work with.

Also a special thank you to Dr. Nelljean Rice for continuing to be a part of the magazine; you are an amazing lady and we have thoroughly enjoyed working with you and learning from you.

Ashley would like to thank a few special people in her life; without her family, Stephen, Andrew and Sam this magazine would not be complete.

Andrew would like to thank his family and friends for their support, Doug for putting up with the constant "check this out" interruptions, along with Ashley, Stephen, and Sam for making the office hours worth coming in for.

Ashley and Andrew



# Staff



Ashley Batliner

Editor



Art Dir.

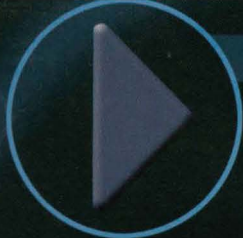
Andrew Bartlett

## S t a f f M e m b e r s



From left to right:  
LeKeisha Edwards  
Neal Causey  
Andrew Bartlett  
Kelly Marett  
Ashley Batliner  
Greg Schultz (center)

Not pictured:  
Bess Brown  
Andrew Nichter  
Brandon Wright



# CD Track List



1. Park Holly - Coldest Night of the Year
2. If Not Winter - Between These Sheets
3. Virtue Trap - Candy Apple Red
4. Austin Floyd - Jolan True
5. Sedgefield Drive - Breaking the Fall
6. Kellet Arnold - Listen to Your World
7. Tom Yoder - The Moment the Apple Falls
8. Jebb Mac - Carolina Swing
9. First Degree Burnouts - Bottom of the Fall
10. Neil Akers - Circle in the Wheel
11. Park Holly - Meant to Be
12. Virtue Trap - Halfway to Georgia
13. Joey Schumann - Americana Medley
14. If Not Winter - Promise
15. Sedgefield Drive - 1472
16. Tom Yoder - Zen Parked on Z
17. Kellet Arnold - Liza

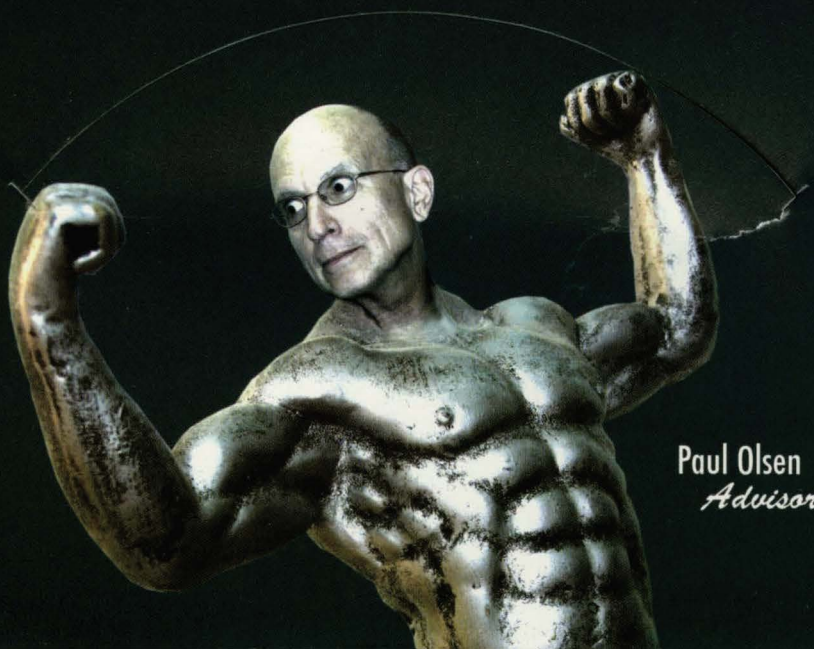


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COASTAL CAROLINA



Paul Olsen  
*Advisor*



# Archarios

Literary Art Magazine



CCU-06